

PAGE ONE

1.

Frank's family's headstone above their grave, in a similar or even identical shot to the one that began our first issue- except that this time it's the middle of the night, with a flashlight beam from offshot providing the only illumination.

Off: THIS ONE.

Title: UP IS DOWN AND BLACK IS WHITE part one

and credits

PAGE TWO

1.

View past the headstone at two dark figures, a tall one shining the flashlight, a shorter one carrying a heavy bag with something indistinct sticking out of it.

Shorter: HOW YA WANNA DO THIS?

Tall: THROW ALL THE DIRT ON ONE SIDE. LEAVE SOME SPACE SO WE CAN LAY EVERYTHING OUT NICE AN' CLEAR, I WANNA GET IT INNA SAME SHOT AS THE HEADSTONE.

2.

The tall one places the flashlight on top of the stone, angling it so it illuminates the ground below it. Nearer us the shorter one sets the bag down- it turns out to contain two shovels and a long crowbar.

Shorter: YOU GOT IT, MISTER CAVELLA.

Tall: NICKY, KIDDO.

3.

Big. The taller figure stands up straight and is revealed to be Nicky Cavella, the villain from our first arc, *In The Beginning*. He smiles the same subtle little smile, partly knowing, partly amused. No suit this time, he wears slacks and a jacket. NB- Louis LaRossa took Andy Garcia as his model for Nicky; how far you want to follow that is up to you.

Nicky: NICKY.



PAGE THREE

1.

Nicky looks thoughtful as he checks over a little camcorder, holding the screen flipped out so he can examine it. Further back his companion has started digging in front of the headstone.

2.

Close up. Nicky smiles as he flips the screen on the camcorder shut.

3.

Nicky sets down the camcorder, picks up a shovel.

Nicky: I KNOW HOW TO GET YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH.

4.

Pull back as the pair of them keep digging, laying the dirt in a pile on one side of the grave only.

Nicky: I FINALLY FIGURED IT OUT.

PAGE FOUR

1.

The showers in a woman's prison. A tall, slim brunette stands nude under one of the shower heads, washing her hair. No one else around.

2.

Close in. It's O'Brien, the CIA agent from *In The Beginning*, apparently daydreaming as she rinses her hair under the spray of water. She has a smallish round scar on her chest from where Nicky shot her in #5. Doesn't seem aware of the three grim-faced women coming quietly up behind her- one big and heavy, one black, one short and muscular. They wear orange prison overalls, with INMATE stencilled across the backs (when we get a rear view).

3.

Closer on O'Brien, just her eyes- she's suddenly completely alert but also utterly calm.

4.

The big woman reaches for her and O'Brien steps backwards without turning, grimly slamming her elbow into her attacker's face with terrible force. The woman grimaces as her nose explodes in a bloody spray. The other two gape, completely caught off guard.

Woman: UHHN!!

PAGE FIVE

1.

O'Brien whirls even as the big woman drops, slams a low right hard into the astonished black girl's belly, folding her up round the blow as the air whooshes from her lungs.

Girl: **WHOOFF**

2.

O'Brien keeps moving, ducking a swipe from the third woman without actually turning to look. The woman snarls as she slashes at O'Brien with a shiv, a vicious-looking length of broken glass wrapped up in tape. She misses by inches.

Woman: **FUCKIN' BITCH—**

3.

Wide view as O'Brien- all business- faces her in a combat stance, braced for the attack. The woman circles, angrily waving the shiv, clearly knows how to use it. The other two are in agony on the floor, completely incapacitated, clutching their injuries.

Woman: **CUT YOUR FUCKIN' NIPPLES OFF, WHORE—**

4.

She roars and strikes, and O'Brien grimly blocks the blow with her left forearm, getting a nasty cut.

Woman: **RRAAAHH!!**

5.

O'Brien punches the woman in the throat with sickening force: game over. Her assailant's eyes and tongue bulge out in utter shock. She drops the shiv.

6.

View past O'Brien's feet at her three assailants, lying on the floor of the shower in agony. The last one is fighting desperately for breath, eyes bulging.

O'Brien: ...NOW THEN.

PAGE SIX

1.

O'Brien looks down at them, cool. Nearest us the big woman slowly tries to get up.

O'Brien: I TOLD YOU CUNTS THE LAST TIME: THE DAY I EAT PUSSY IS THE DAY I GO OUT OF HERE IN A BAG. YOU CAN FIGURE OUT IF I'M PLAYING HARD TO GET WHILE YOU'RE LYING ON YOUR ASSES IN THE INFIRMARY.

“ “ WHERE YOU GOING, MARCIE?

2.

Close. O'Brien's foot comes down hard on the big woman's head, slamming her face painfully into the floor. More blood.

Off: YOU GOING SOMEWHERE?

Marcie: AAAAH--!

3.

O'Brien looks down at us, grim.

O'Brien: YOU PROBABLY STILL THINK YOU'RE HOT SHIT, JUST 'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT ALL THE OTHER IDIOTS IN HERE SCARED TO DEATH OF YOU. F.Y.I., LADIES: I KNOW SCARY. I'VE SEEN SCARY.

“ “ SCARY GETS ME WET.

4.

She walks coldly towards us, leaving them scattered on the floor in her wake.

O'Brien: YOU THREE SOWS DON'T EVEN COME CLOSE.

5.

View past Marcie as she holds a hand to her shattered, bloody face, seething with hatred, barely able to lift her head. O'Brien walks away in the background.

Marcie: YOU'RE—YOU'RE DEAD, O'BRIEN—

“ “ YOU ARE FUCKING DEAD—

PAGE SEVEN

1.

Day. View across a Starbucks-type coffee shop (logos everywhere, some asshole in a beret reading poetry) at four guys sitting at a rear table. Three of them sit opposite the other one, watching as he covers his head with his hands, slumping in agony.

Guy: OH, YOU FUCKERS.

“ “ YOU LOUSY, MISERABLE FUCKERS.

2.

Close in. The guys on one side are three of the Army/Air Force Generals from the *Mother Russia* storyline, albeit in civilian clothes- nice suits, overcoats slung on their chairs. One of them is the little wimpy guy Nick Fury almost killed in #17. They all seem pretty confident, even amused. The guy opposite still doesn't look up.

General: COME ON, NOBODY EVER DOES ONE LAST JOB.

General 2: YOU'RE IN THIS FOR LIFE, YOU KNOW THAT BETTER THAN ANYONE.

Guy: ...LOWDOWN, WORTHLESS, COCKSUCKIN', BACKSTABBIN'...

3.

They ignore him for a moment. One General turns to the other, raises his coffee cup- big logo printed prominently on the side.

General: DON'T YOU HAVE SHARES IN THIS, OR SOMETHING?

General 2: GOT A DAUGHTER ON THE BOARD, AS I RECALL.

General: TELL HER THE WARM ICED LATTE TASTES LIKE SHIT.

4.

Big. The other guy looks up at us with an expression of extreme long-suffering, enormously weary. It's Rawlins, the CIA undercover agent from the last pages of #13 and #14. He's dressed casually here.

Rawlins: CAN WE FORGET ABOUT YOUR GODDAMN FAGACCINO FOR A MOMENT, AN' GET BACK TO THE BUSINESS OF FUCKIN' UP MY LIFE FOREVER?

Off: 'COURSE WE CAN, RAWLINS.

“ “ 'COURSE WE CAN.

PAGE EIGHT

1.

Rawlins gazes bitterly at the three of them- he's not really angry, he knows there's no fighting this. They aren't remotely worried.

Rawlins: I DON'T BELIEVE YOU BOYS. I PULL OFF THE SLICKEST JOB IN COMPANY HISTORY—I MEAN I SET UP A TERRORIST UNIT INSIDE SAUDI AN' SEND 'EM TO CRASH A 'PLANE INTO GODDAMNED MOSCOW, ALL **WITHOUT** THE DUMB SHITS KNOWIN' THEY WERE **U.S.-BACKED—**

“ “ AN' **THIS** IS THE FUCKIN' THANKS I GET?

General: WELL, AS I SAID EARLIER, WE HAD A LITTLE BIT OF FALLOUT FROM THAT OPERATION...

2.

Close. Rawlins points a finger at the General who spoke, eyes narrowed. The General nods, calm. The wimpy one, Bobby, smirks as he speaks for the first time.

Rawlins: NOT FROM MY END, YOU DIDN'T.

General: NO ONE'S DISPUTING THAT. YOU'RE THE BEST WE'VE GOT; IF THIS THING WASN'T SO DAMNED IMPORTANT WE'D NEVER HAVE RISKED YOUR INVOLVEMENT.

Bobby: BUT IT IS—SO WE DID.

3.

Rawlins turns a sour smile on Bobby, who bristles, red-faced.

Rawlins: I HEARD OL' NICKY FURY WHIPPED YOUR ASS ALL OVER THE OPS ROOM AT RHODE ISLAND, BOBBY. BRIGHTENED UP MY DAY CONSIDERABLY, LET ME TELL YOU.

Bobby: YOU WILL REFER TO ME AS **SIR** OR **GENERAL**, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

4.

Rawlins sneers wearily, turns away from the fuming Bobby.

Rawlins: I WILL REFER TO YOU AS **SUCK MY DICK**, YOU LITTLE PISSANT. AN' DON'T YOU BOYS GIMME THAT BEST-WE-GOT HORSESHIT, NEITHER; ALL I AM IS THE FELLA WON'T SAY SQUAT ABOUT YOU IF HE EVER GETS FUCKIN' CAUGHT.

“ “ YOU GOT A LOOSE END FROM THAT **BARBAROSSA**
CLUSTERFUCK—YOU CAN’T MEAN FURY, EVEN YOU
ASSHOLES AIN’T DUMB ENOUGH TO TAKE A SHOT AT HIM.
SO WHO DOES THAT LEAVE, EXACTLY? WHO ELSE KNOWS
ALL THE DEEP, DARK SHIT THAT COULD GET YOU SENT TO
LEAVENWORTH?

5.
Rawlins only, deeply pissed off, eyes narrowed with a sense of quiet disgust.

Rawlins: GEE FUCKIN’ WHIZZ.

“ “ LEMME SEE IF I CAN GUESS.

PAGE NINE

1.
Close shot on Frank coldly blasting a guy to death with a shotgun, the guy flying back
past us in a spray of gore. A pistol flies from his outflung hand.

Caption: BUSINESS AS USUAL.

PAGE TEN

1.

Day. Frank is blasting away at a dozen young black gangsta-types, two dead at his feet, a third dropping as Frank shoots him almost point blank like the one on P.9. The others gape in amazement, it's obviously only just started. We're outside a shitty looking pool hall somewhere in the depths of Queens; three big SUVs are parked nearby, doors still open. There's half a dozen bike sparked off to one side outside the pool hall door, big Hell's Angel-style hogs. One of the gangstas yells angrily, the only one to recover his wits so far.

Caption: EARLY THIS MORNING, HORACE "SPOONIE" MOORE GOT A CALL FROM A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE, BIG JOE McCLUSKEY — IN WHICH JOE TOLD HIM TO GO AND FUCK HIMSELF.

Gangsta: **DROP THE MUTHAFUCKA!**

Caption: THAT'S HORACE THERE, THE ONE GIVING ORDERS.

2.

Close in. Horace jerks rigid in shock and drops his pistol as a shotgun blast rips clean through his thorax, blowing ribs, spine and other gore out through his back.

Caption: WHICH MAKES HIM QUICK.

“ “ WHICH MAKES HIM DEAD.

3.

Inside the pool hall, a dozen tough-looking bikers lie sprawled on the tables and floor, all messily shot to death. Couple of pistols scattered amongst the bodies. The nearest one's head is half-gone, with a cellphone lying next to him. Dried blood and gore everywhere.

Caption: WHAT HORACE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT JOE HAD MY SHOTGUN IN HIS EAR, MEANING HE'D SAY WHATEVER HE WAS TOLD.

“ “ BUT HORACE CAME RUNNING, ALL THE SAME.

PAGE ELEVEN

1.

View past Horace as he dies, gazing up at the sky in utter shock. The surviving gangstas get their shit together, returning Frank's fire with pistols and even a couple of SMGs. All the same, he kills another one.

Caption: LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME HE AND JOE WERE RUNNING DOPE TOGETHER—A LOT OF IT, ENOUGH THAT **FUCK YOURSELF** WOULD GIVE THE KID A HEART ATTACK. HE CAME STRAIGHT DOWN HERE, TO THE NUMBER ONE BIKER SHITHOLE IN QUEENS.

“ “ HE DIDN'T THINK ABOUT WHAT MIGHT BE WAITING.

2.

Frank dives behind one of the bikes as a fusilade of heavy fire whizzes over his head, bullets missing by inches.

Caption: HOMEBOYS AND NAZIS.

“ “ COKE BUSINESS MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

3.

Frank pops up again- view past him as he blows another gangsta away. The others scatter.

Caption: DID A LOT OF DAMAGE LAST YEAR.

“ “ THE MOB, AT OLD MAN CESARE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. THEN THE WESTIES. THEN LEON RASTOVICH'S RUSSIANS.

“ “ NOW AND AGAIN, SOME FUCK POPS UP AND TRIES TO FILL THE VACUUM.

4.

Big as Frank fires offshot, aiming carefully. Good view of the Punisher skull.

Off: AAAAAHH!!

Caption: AND I REMIND THEM WHY IT PAYS TO BE AFRAID.

PAGE TWELVE

1.

One of the gangstas yells angrily at the others, who shelter behind the SUVs or lie flat on the ground to return Frank's fire.

Gangsta: **FUCK THIS SHIT, YO! HIT HIM TOGETHER!**

“ “ **GO!!**

2.

All five survivors charge at once, firing as they come. Frank shoots the only one with a Mac-10, leaving the others with pistols- but they're putting out a lot of fire.

Caption: **THAT'S THE BRAINWAVE I HOPED THEY WOULDN'T HAVE.**

3.

Frank ducks behind the bike as bullets whizz over and past it, more ricocheting off its bodywork. He's dropped the shotgun, now pulling a 45 automatic from his coat.

Caption: **NO TIME TO RELOAD THE TWELVE-GAUGE NOW.**

4.

Frank crouches, holding the 45 with a textbook two-handed grip, aiming and firing very carefully as the bullets whip past him, all around.

Caption: **HERE'S WHERE IT GETS A LITTLE TRICKY.**

5.

His opponents do the exact opposite. They stand up straight and blaze away like crazy. Make it clear that they're all holding their pistols one-handed in classic "gangsta" style, sideways rather than upright. One gasps as he's blown away.

One: **UNNHH!**

PAGE THIRTEEN

1.

View past Frank- still crouching- as he shoots the last three dead, moving left to right with perfect control. Two go flying even as the last one is hit in the chest. The range is barely ten feet.

Last: AAAAH--!

2.

Wide. Frank stands up, coolly surveys the scene. Eleven dead gangstas, one lying dying with his hands clamped over his chest wound.

3.

The dying guy looks up at us, very weak, very scared. Frank's shadow falls across him.

4.

His pov- looking up past the 45 muzzle at Frank, who looks coldly down at us as he points the gun- one-handed now. Good look at the gun, front and rear sights lines up perfectly at us.

Frank: THEY PUT THE SIGHTS ON THE TOP FOR A REASON.

5.

Long shot as Frank stands tall and shoots the guy through the head.

PAGE FOURTEEN

1.

Nicky Cavella sits facing us, completely calm and relaxed. He raises one eye slightly, in polite, conversational mood. Wearing his suit now, the handsome devil. Someone else in the gloom behind him.

Nicky: IT'S BEEN A YEAR.

2.

Pull back. We're in a private dining room in some dark, wood-panelled restaurant, all very classy. Nicky sits at one end of a big dining table nearest us, watching five other guys at the table- two on one side, three the other. They all seem pretty grim, not happy to see him at all. They're mafiosi- one in his early 20s, the others older and fatter. Not a very formidable-looking crew, more like ordinary thugs than mob lords. Nice suits badly worn.

Nicky: SO HOW YOU BOYS BEEN DOIN'?

3.

The young guy glares at the table. Nicky smiles indulgently, even friendly.

Guy: JUST SAY YOUR FUCKIN' PIECE, CAVELLA.

Nicky: OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU'RE DOIN': YOU'RE PATHETIC.

4.

The five mobsters stare at us, shocked and angry. The young guy is on the left.

Off: HOW OLD ARE YOU, TONY? TWELVE? AN' THE RESTA YOU, YOU THINK YOU'D **EVER** A' MADE CAPO IF THERE WAS ANYONE ELSE LEFT FUCKIN' ALIVE?

“ “ UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU'D NONE A' YOU BE MORE THAN SOLDIERS—JESUS, I WOULDN'T TRUST YOU TO FETCH ME A SLICE A' PIZZA. AN' YOU SIT THERE IN THESE NICE SUITS YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO WEAR AN' YOU TELL ME **YOU'RE** WHAT'S RUNNIN' NEW YORK?

“ “ FUCK THAT.

PAGE FIFTEEN

1.

Tony rounds on him in angry disbelief. Nicky shrugs, calm.

Tony: **FUCK THAT? FUCK YOU—**

Nicky: **OKAY THEN, YOU TELL ME. HOW ARE YOU DOIN'?**

2.

Nicky only, little more intense now. Still smiling, but eyes narrowed.

Nicky: **ARE YOU EARNIN' LIKE YOU USED TO? DO THE SCHNOOKS WHO OWE YOU PAY UP, OR DO THEY DISRESPECT YOU? ARE YOU STILL STRONG, OR ARE YOU LOSIN' GROUND TO THE IVANS AN' THE JIGS?**

“ “ **DO YOU EVEN HAVE THE RESPECT OF YOUR OWN CREWS? OR DID YOU HAVE TO FILL 'EM OUT WITH PRICKS SHOULD NEVERA GOT THEIR BUTTONS INNA FIRST PLACE?**

3.

Silence for a moment. They all look at the table or away from Nicky, Tony and another pissed off, the rest uncertain. Nicky watches them, calm.

4.

Nicky keeps up his cool, no-bullshit gaze. The guy nearest him sneers, gloomy.

Nicky: **ONE YEAR AGO, THE PUNISHER TOOK OUT OVER FORTY OF OUR PEOPLE. CRIPPLED EVERYTHING WE GOT ONNA EAST COAST IN A SINGLE NIGHT'S WORK.**

“ “ **THE WAY YOU BEEN GOIN', HE MAY AS WELL A' ICED YOU TOO...**

Guy: **FROM WHAT I HEARD, YOU FED LARRY BARRUCCI'S CREW TO THE MOTHERFUCKER. YOU AN' THAT PSYCHO FUCK PITTSY.**

5.

They stare at us, attention caught by something behind Nicky. The last guy who spoke looks utterly stunned. Nicky's nearest with his back to us, raising a hand without turning.

Off: **FUCKIN' MUTT--!**

Nicky: **EASY, KIDDO.**

“ “ **I'D LIKE YOU BOYS TO MEET TERESA.**

PAGE SIXTEEN

1.

Big. Nicky smiles to himself, amused. Looming from the shadows behind him, glaring at us with fuming hatred, is Teresa- Pittsy's sister. She's an utterly bizarre and deeply disturbing sight, given that she looks like just like Pittsy (#1-6) but with long, curly blond hair. Big bust, wide hips. Same bone-deep, thoroughly ugly features, the resemblance is truly uncanny. Just as short and stocky as her brother, same evil glint in the eye, same sour twist to the mouth. She wears a tight black vest top with her flabby bosom jammed into it and a pair of grey sweatpants. Muscular arms.

Nicky: SHE'S PITTSY'S LITTLE SISTER.

Teresa: YOU SAY THAT SHIT ABOUT MY BROTHER AGAIN AN' I'LL
 GLUE YA FUCKIN' DICK SHUT.

2.

Nicky continues, smiling calmly, ignoring the fact that all five men are staring at the evilly glaring Teresa.

Nicky: SO HERE IT IS.

3.

Closer, some of them turning to look at Nicky again.

Nicky: WE CAN REBUILD. WE CAN MAKE EVERYTHING JUST LIKE IT
 WAS—BUT THERE AIN'T NO POINT WITH THE PUNISHER OUT
 THERE, 'CAUSE HE'LL JUST TEAR IT ALL APART AGAIN.

“ “ SO WE START WITH HIM. YOU LOAN ME YOUR SOLDIERS AN' I
 TAKE CARE AI HIM, AN' THEN WE CAN START AGAIN.

“ “ I'LL SHOW YOU HOW; I'LL TEACH YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO
 KNOW AN' THE SHIT YOU GOTTA DO TO PUT THIS THING A'
 OURS ON TOP AGAIN.

4.

Dark shot on Nicky, slightly more intense. No longer smiling.

Nicky: THE PRICE IS YOU MAKE ME BOSS.

5.

Pull back. They're all staring at Nicky now, stunned to silence.

One: WHAT?

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1.

One of the guys stares grimly down at the table.

One: NOT YOU, CAVELLA.

“ “ NEVER YOU.

2.

A nervous one glances up at us, awkward.

Nervous: NO OFFENCE, BUT YOU DO KINDA COME WITH A HEALTH
WARNIN'...

3.

The third, eyes narrowed, sceptical.

Third: HOW COME I CAN SEE YOU ABOUT A YEAR AGO, FEEDIN'
EXACTLY THE SAME LINE A' SHIT TO POOR OL' LARRY
BARRUCCI?

4.

The fourth, bleak.

Fourth: AN' LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

“ “ LOOK WHAT HAPPENS TO ANYONE GETS IN THE WAY A
THAT MOTHERLESS FUCKIN' KILLIN' MACHINE...

5.

View past the last speaker at Nicky, who turns to smile thoughtfully at him, head cocked to one side.

Nicky: EXCEPT FOR ME.

Last: UH?

Nicky: I GOT IN HIS WAY, AN' I'M STILL HERE. LOTTA PEOPLE MIGHT
SAY THAT PUTS ME AHEAD A THE GAME.

6.

Nicky sits back, relaxing, at his most reasonable. they watch him carefully.

Nicky: BUT IT AIN'T LIKE I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR DOUBTS. I
KNOW I GOT A REPUTATION—I'M SURE YOU HEARD ABOUT
THE SHIT GOT ME SENT UP TO BOSTON, JUST FOR STARTERS.

“ “ ALL I'M GONNA SAY IS THIS: GO HOME. THINK ABOUT WHAT
I TOLD YOU.

7.

Nicky only, smiling at us, dark and knowing. Glint of amusement in his eyes.

Nicky: AN' WATCH THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS TONIGHT, ANY
 CHANNEL YOU LIKE.

“ “ THEN THINK ABOUT GIVIN' ME A CALL.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1.

O'Brien looks up from the paperback she's reading, *SUNSET AND SAWDUST* by JOE R. LANSDALE. She wears orange prison overalls now, lying on the bunk in her cell. She doesn't seem unduly worried, just mildly surprised. Bandage on her arm from earlier.

O'Brien: NOT AGAIN.

2.

View past her as she stands up, casually marking her place in the book. Marcie and her two sidekicks stand outside the cell, glaring coldly at her. Marcie is closest, big bandage taped across her nose, two black eyes. One hand held behind her back.

O'Brien: DO YOU THREE GET OFF ON THIS, OR SOMETHING? DO YOU
 GO BACK TO YOUR CELL AND DO EACH OTHER WHILE YOU
 THINK ABOUT HOW I KICKED YOUR ASSES?

3.

Marcie strikes at O'Brien with whatever she has behind her back, but O'Brien blocks the attack with ease, grimly seizing Marcie's wrist. No proper view of the weapon yet.

Marcie: ARRRRRRHH!!

4.

Close. O'Brien leans in close and headbutts Marcie hard in the face, smashing her already injured nose even more severely. Blood squirts. At the same time, she wrenches whatever it is from Marcie's hand.

5.

Close. O'Brien stops short, eyes narrowed in confusion, as Marcie laughs horribly at her, as if her ruined face means nothing.

Marcie: HA!!

PAGE NINETEEN

1.

They run off, all three of them leaving the bewildered O'Brien staring after them with the weapon still in her hand.

Marcie: **HA HA HA HA HA!**

2.

She looks down, realises she's holding another shiv- a sharp little length of filed metal this time. The blade's covered in blood, some of it smeared across her hand.

3.

O'Brien exits the cell, curiously examining her hands, not looking where she's going.

O'Brien: NOT ME...

4.

Big. View past O'Brien- if she's in shot at all. A woman guard lies sprawled across the corridor, throat cut, blood spreading around her in a vast pool. Stunned expression frozen on her dead face.

5.

O'Brien freezes, stunned, realises she's fucked. Bloody shiv still in her hand.

O'Brien: OH, FUCK.

PAGE TWENTY

1.

A newsreader on a TV screen, serious-faced.

Jag: ...**BREAKING NEWS TONIGHT, OUR TOP STORY: A
VIDEOTAPE SENT TO THIS NETWORK AND OTHERS DEPICTS
SHOCKING SCENES AT THE GRAVE OF THE FAMILY OF
FRANK CASTLE, ALSO KNOWN AS THE PUNISHER...**

2.

TV again, showing a grim-looking mugshot of Frank.

Jag: **CASTLE, WHOSE WIFE MARIA AND TWO CHILDREN LISA AND
FRANK JUNIOR WERE KILLED IN THE CROSSFIRE OF A MOB
SHOOTOUT IN NINETEEN SEVENTY-SIX, HAS WAGED A
ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME FOR ALMOST THIRTY YEARS.**

“ “

**IN THAT TIME, LAW ENFORCEMENT SOURCES ESTIMATE
THAT HE MAY HAVE COMMITTED AS MANY AS TWO
THOUSAND MURDERS. CASTLE IS CURRENTLY AT LARGE,
AND IS BELIEVED TO BE CONTINUING HIS ACTIVITIES
SOMEWHERE IN THE NEW YORK AREA.**

3.

TV again, the newsreader looking a bit grim.

Jag: **VIEWERS ARE WARNED THAT THEY MAY FIND THE
FOLLOWING IMAGES DISTURBING.**

Off: WHAT...?

Off 2: SHH!

4.

TV again. Grainy camcorder footage of three skeletons- one adult, to children- laid out in front of the gravestone. This is at night, the footage Nicky and Teresa shot at the start of the episode. The skeletons have been dumped in a heap so that the skulls are reasonably near each other, not lined up neatly. The ragged edge of the open grave can just be seen.

5.

TV again. The camcorder goes in closer, framing the three skulls.

Off: **JESUS CHRIST...**

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1.
TV. Same angle, except that a stream of piss hits the skulls, splashing all over them.

Off: UH?

2.
TV. We pan up to someone standing pissing, seen from knees to neck. The area over his crotch is censored with little shimmering pixels, but the stream of piss is shown clearly.

Off: HOLY SHIT--!

3.
TV. Pan up to Nicky Cavella, head and shoulders as he smiles down at what he's doing.

4.
View past a TV set on a high shelf in a diner. It's pretty crowded, with a bunch of customers sat at the counter and a waitress behind it all staring up at the TV.

Jag: AN N.Y.P.D. SPOKESMAN **HAS CONFIRMED** THAT THE CASTLE FAMILY GRAVE IN **GREENWOOD CEMETERY**, BROOKLYN, **WAS DISTURBED** DURING THE NIGHT.

“ “ THE FIGURE IN THE VIDEOTAPE IS BELIEVED TO BE **NICOLAS CAVELLA**, A LONGTIME **MAFIA** FIGURE WHO IS WANTED BY LOCAL, STATE AND **FEDERAL** AUTHORITIES.

Customer: THAT...

5.
Close in. The customer turns to the guy next to him, both pretty shellshocked.

Customer: THAT GUY IS GONNA GO FUCKIN' **BERSERK**...

Guy: TELL ME ABOUT IT.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1.
Frank sits at the end of the counter- he wasn't in shot earlier- and gazes up past us in the direction of the TV. Half-eaten plate of food forgotten in front of him. He's oddly calm, almost emotionless- except for a certain intensity to the eyes, concentrating totally, utterly on what he's seeing.

TO BE CONTINUED